

THE REPOSITORY,

AND

Ladies' Weekly Museum.

BY SOLOMON SLENDER, ESQ.

VOL. VI.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1806.

[No. 8.]

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INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

[From Wolff's Sketches.]

[Concluded.]

In the meantime the uncle, confined with the gout, was left to support all the horrors of his situation. Bankruptcy ensued, and a disposition manifested on the part of the persons who had been duped, and were the chief sufferers, to have the infirm old man arrested, operated as his death-warrant. In a few hours he was found lifeless in his bed, not without strong suspicion of having taken poison. The sequel of these acts of depravity and guilt was no less fatal to the beautiful but frail Mrs ———; who being, in consequence of her husband's elopement, deprived of pecuniary resources, and not inclined to follow or share his fate in a foreign country, accepted an offer that was shortly after made her, of living with a man of fashion. Supported by his liberality, her extravagance now became unbounded; but her reign of pleasure was short. Tired

of her charms, he quitted his mistress in a few weeks, and left her wholly destitute of future support. One lover succeeded another, till her abandoned conduct soon reduced her to a state of poverty, misery, and contempt; her health had likewise been considerably impaired, and, without making one commendable effort to gain a livelihood by industrious means, she sunk from poverty to guilt, and at length attempted to retrieve her fortunes by a deed of unexampled wickedness & cruelty. She had a daughter! a beautiful girl of sixteen, in whose countenance every sweet and gentle virtue was portrayed; the bloom of health was marked on her features, and sensibility evinced itself in her every action. But, alas! how often are the children of promise doomed, in the spring of life, to mourn

—Their blossoms blasted in the bud!

Upon this maiden flower, just expanding into bloom, fell the rude storm of adversity,

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shook all its buds from blowing——

Julia! it was mine to see thee but once! yet pity still cherishes a tender recollection of that interview. Thy modest grief! the dignified serenity that sat on thy brow on this trying occasion! Could I witness these and not participate in thy sorrows? Sincerely did I share them; and so last-

ing is the impression of injured excellence, that revolving years have not been able to efface thy image from my mind.

This artless, exemplary girl had been placed in a seminary, far from her mother's contaminating sight:—here she dwelt in peace, improving daily in every virtue and accomplishment that could adorn her sex. The mother, mean time, distressed in her circumstances, in proportion to the decay of those charms, which now failed to procure her admirers, resolved, for a pecuniary consideration, to sacrifice her too lovely daughter at the same shrine of prostitution to which she had herself been led a willing victim. The thought was no sooner entertained than executed: She quitted the habitation of misery and contempt, and, like an infernal daemon, entered the abode of innocence and peace. Julia was claimed, and carried unresisting and unknowing, to her mother's dwelling; who having, thro' the means of a common pander of vice, obtained the promise of a large sum from an abandoned reprobate, to whom her daughter was to be sacrificed, disclosed the plan, cloaked under the false garb and specious mask of pleasure, to her own offspring. From so infamous a proposal, even thus coloured and disguised, the virtuous, innocent Julia shrank, as at the sight of a

basilisk. From arguments and entreaties her mother proceeded to threats, in case a promise of compliance should not be given within the period of a few days. Neither the prayers nor ears of her virtuous daughter, in the mean time, made the smallest impression on the obdurate heart and debased mind of the vicious parent. A sense of filial duty prevented the suffering Julia from disclosing the horrid

heme in agitation. The debauched dotard, who, by dint of bribery, was a triumph o'er such virtue, saw her in this trying situation, and was just meditating to seize upon his prey, when, with fearful steps, she flew for relief to a former friend of her father. She mentioned not her situation such as it was—the dreadful alternative that awaited her—the brink of ruin on which she stood—but only solicited to be reinstated in her former residence, where she might once more find happiness in retirement. This was readily promised, but, alas! too late to prevent the sad catastrophe that ensued.

Julia returned home, but to what a home!—a fiend awaited her arrival! she had to encounter immediate infamy, dishonour, and ruin!—

Here let me draw a veil over this melancholy history: suffice it to add, that Julia, in the hour of despair, friendless, unprotected, and left to her distracted thoughts, sought refuge in 'another and a better world.' Her's had not been a life of pleasure, but it had been a life of peace and innocence; could then her unsullied mind bear up against the stigma of vice, the scorn of the severely virtuous, of such whose hearts had never possessed half her innate modesty or worth, yet to whose slights and contumely she must have been hourly exposed? Her soul shrank

from the prospect; urged by despair, she hurried from her mother's blasting sight: and, bereft of reason, rushed unbidden into the presence of her Maker!—Poor Julia! and shall a deed committed in the hour when reason was overpowered by the phrenzy of despair, cancel the purity of thy life, unmarked almost by error? Ah, no! the many acts of virtue thou hast done shall plead for thee at the throne of Mercy, and thou mayest still look down and witness the tear of sympathy I shed on thy sorrows and untimely fate. Peace to thy manes!—sweet Julia.

For the Repository.

TO JACOBUS.

'Fret till your proud heart break.'

Being commissioned by the Lady who made a few remarks on your first communication in the Repository, to advocate those remarks, and to remove the aspersions which you have cast on her as a hideous *male* animal; I desire that you will receive, and digest the following, whenever your polite patience and candour may happen to comport with your avowed inclination. The liberal readers of this journal are the persons in whom the power of deciding between us is vested.

The first sentence that occurs in my friend Ellen's piece, is, 'Had the sapient Jacobus,' &c.* As it appears, sir, to be your decided intention to cavil about words, you cannot, I am confident, deny me the liberty of expressing the senses in which those you object to are generally construed. JOHNSON gives only two meanings to the word *sapient*, but I unreservedly make four; as, wise, sage, *apparently wise but really foolish, more absurd than otherwise.*† Now, sir, Ellen called you a sapient person (not observer,) and, from the tenor of the other parts of the note, must have applied it in one of the latter senses; consequently, we can picture to ourselves, in one object, an upstart wit and an apparently wise person. The sub-

* Vide, the 4th No. of the Repository.

† The figure of speech called Irony, allows such acceptations of the word.

stance of the remainder of Ellen's first sentence is foreign from being objectionable: did not you endeavour to reproach the ladies for their nicety in expressions, by developing circumstances which the intuitive suggestions of decorum command, in a well-bred man, to be concealed.

You did, Jacobus, and I solemnly aver it, directly or indirectly censure the ladies for decency of thought, by openly or allusively saying, that they were too delicate to employ vulgar terms, or phrases, in colloquial conversation; of course, what my friend says is strictly correct. Recur your thoughts to the succeeding sentence, and weigh it in your mental balance in an impartial and unmaignant manner. It is said, that if women are to be censured for being delicate in their cogitations, the times are grown vitiated, and the remedy which some gentlemen intend to apply to this malady, or *disorder of the mind, will prove more disgraceful to the community, than the distemper itself.

You talk concerning allusions that have been attached to the first dignified composition, which you conveyed to the public eye. Was not one half of that production, *at least*, composed of sarcastical allusions?

Having criticised two of E's sentences, and, I hope, to your satisfaction, I shall now proceed, in a regular manner, to investigate the correctness of the whole. The third should read thus 'Choice Words, for expressing our sentiments, should ever be employed in choice company;† the remainder as it is in print. This is all proper, and no solecism can be perceived; therefore it needs no further comment. That which relates to the wisdom of cynics, commands a little bit of attention. She says, that they can only discern the foibles of the sex, and that their vices remain in obscurity. You, sir, were alluded to, and considered as one of those good humoured gentlemen, whose partial optics cannot discriminate between foibles and vices; because what you reprobated in an ironical manner, is only a trivial foible; if indeed it be any defect at all. The grammatical construction is not censurable; therefore

* Do not you and your colleagues deem it such?

† The lady herself so informs me.

the whole of it is accurate. In the succeeding one, however, there is an expression which cannot be vindicated, but as it has passed your judgment without a remark, I shall let it remain in its original state. As to the Retorting Society, you need not, sir, be so vain as to suppose, that it will be established in consequence of the tartness of your effusions, under the different signatures of *Jacobus* and *Bob Al'em*; the lady said that she wished one would be made to exist, on account of the accumulated quantity of criticisms on the conduct of the ladies in general; and not because the duplicity of *Jacobus* selected them as a theme for animadversion.

You accuse my client with impoliteness and scurrility. The public will judge of so heinous a charge; the voice of the ladies already refutes it. As to myself, I am confident that this rejoinder is as exempt from the latter literary crime as the scorching reply of *Ellen's* opponent, *Jacobus*.

The Lady, who *did write* the piece in question, desires me to ask you, sir, whether or not you conceive it to be a natural impracticability for women to transfuse their ideas on paper. She also requests me to say, that, in her eyes, your remarks are of so ungentlemanlike a nature, and contain so many invective innuendos, that she cannot, in duty to herself, condescend to recriminate with the invincible *Jacobus*.

The limits which the Editor, I presume, allots to communications of this species, excludes me from an opportunity of being more diffuse, and I conclude with assuring you, that I am not an advocate for the general conduct of the Ladies; being, amongst other mortifying and disastrous circumstances, an outlaw from their agreeable society. In this particular I have defended, and will defend them; and I hope, sir, that this communication will be deemed of sufficient lenity to induce a friendship to occur between *Jacobus* and

JACQUES,
Attorney for Ellen.

For the Repository.

PEDANTRY.

Pedantry, in its most general signification, means an *awkward* ostentation of *needless* learning. Had mankind

adhered to the sense of this definition, we should find that those who have not failed to *emit* the labours of years, instead of being condemned as vain pedants, would have been ranked in an equal degree with modest, unaffected writers. Indeed we shall find few, who, if critically examined, have not bestowed on themselves and their abilities, that praise which ought to have proceeded from others. Horace boasts of his works, with

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

Virgil likewise speaks of his *Bucolics* in an assuring manner,

Gratum opus Agricolis.

and, indeed, almost all authors, even those who declaim against this very species of pedantry, are as eager to pursue it, as to advice others to renounce it. This I call no *awkward* ostentation, because we find it necessary to exaggerate our own merits, as mankind are more willing to detract from, than add to our applause.

As to *needless* learning, I understand a *needless* application of it; but who can pretend to judge of this, except the learned one from whom it flows? Who would call a man a pedant, when descanting on the coldness of the weather, and the good effects of wine in repelling it, he breaks out with Horace,

Vides, ut altrâ nive caudidum
Soracte;
Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Largè reponens, atque benignius
Deprome quadrum sabinâ,
O Thaliarche, merum diota.

Surely this is not *needless* learning, or an *awkward* ostentation.

Neither do I say that a man is a pedant, if he uses an expression of '*Homo sum*,' or *quid agis*, and quotes Horace as an authority. Because it shows, that, if he even got the first from *sententiæ pueriles*, and the latter from *Corderii*, he knows there is such a writer as he cites, which is no small mark of information.

If we see a square machine rolling along with a language on the front such as some countrymen I have heard declare, must be Hebrew or Greek and, with vacant stare, look upon the *pullers* as literary sorcerers;

NON SIBI, SED OMNIBUS,

strikes the learned with full force, and whilst they commend the ingenious writer, they pity the logical incorrectness of the sentence. The ignorant citizens have some idea of the language, but interpret it into *omens*, &c We do not look upon this as *needless*, because they declare the object of the machine, and no matter whether one citizen in a hundred understands it, for it is unbecoming that any but lawyers, doctors, and parsons, should know. Ladies have no business with such affairs, and therefore the *inventor* did not wish to inform them, and it is inconsistent with Scripture to disclose acts of humanity to others, therefore few can read, very few understand the meaning, and none can make sense of it; thus their neighbours are kept ignorant of the many charitable intents they are about executing.

These few observations come from a friend to literature, and if offence is taken, it never was the intention of

SOLOMON IRONY.

THE MORALIST.

Let your Moderation be known to all men.
St. PAUL.

A brief illustration of a general remark, that 'the spirit of moderation will prevent our virtues from running to excess. All our vices are virtues abused. This sole consideration will furnish arguments in favour of this valuable temper, which neither sophistry can undermine, nor experience contradict.—Look at the miser, whose parsimony will scarcely allow him bread:—within proper limits, his con-

duct had been laudable economy. Mark the contrary character, a generous spirit lies at the foundation of ruinous extravagance.....Unchecked by prudence, unrestrained by moderation, liberality degenerates into thoughtless profusion. See an unhappy wretch, whose bosom rankles with envy, and who, to injure a rival, can stoop to the basest measures!—A thirst for honorable praise, carried beyond the controul of reason, is really the origin of that humiliating spectacle. Behold a form, arrayed in the garb of religion!—He calls himself a disciple of the Prince of Peace: but the fury of a demon burns in his eye—the impious anathema vibrates on his tongue—the dagger of death arms his frantic hand—a zeal for God, but tempered with no humanity, and guided by no information, has converted the ardour of piety into the ferocity of the unprincipled bigot. Once more, mark yonder lovely form!—her arms folded on her bosom—her wan countenance furrowed with grief—her streaming eyes fixed on the earth—she sees not the sun—she hears not the musick of the groves—she heeds not the accents of friendship and affection—she shuns every human abode—she steals into the gloomy cavern, and draws, with the pencil of despair, the picture of the God of Heaven. Gentle sufferer! what a *Moloch* thou hast delineated! how piteous thy delusion! what a happy creature hadst thou been, if the deep veneration which saddens thy bosom, had been relieved by juster notions! As it is, piety itself is the foundation of wretchedness.

Boston Centinel.

A CHARACTER.

Fastidious is a man of little learning, surrounded by those who have none, and who, finding so many who

know less, entertains the idea that few know more than himself. The consequence is, that he is a pedant without knowledge, and a critic without correctness. All is error that is out of his sphere of observation, and all is dull that he has not intellect to understand. He is an adorer of terms, and, running away with their general application, splices them into his most common remarks, in which they are always absurd, and frequently ridiculous. If he have a narrative to relate, he will frequently make digressions from his recital, that he may have an opportunity to introduce some fantastical phrase, or glib alteration. He frequently finds fault with the parson's *pronunciation*, and calls him a bad *horator*. His most favourite authors are those who *manufacture a many* compound words, or those who introduce professional terms into general expressions. Hard words with him, instead of charity, cover a multitude of sins. Having been one day to see a little woman who travelled with a show, he informed me with what expedition she wrote verses with her *toes*, and told me he had bought some of the *manuscripts*!

For the Repository.

The nymph who walks the public streets,
And sets her cap at all she meets,
May catch the fool who turns to stare,
But men of sense avoid the snare.

MOORE.

Receive, my fair country-women, this unerring maxim, as the result of experience & wisdom, innocently concealed under the pertinent semblance of ridicule. Observe it as you would obey the dictates of a revered parent—abstain from gratifying a wanton disposition; ramble not through the public walks, to expose your amiable persons to the vulgar observation of impertinence. If friendship calls, comply

with its requests, but remain in your comfortable habitations, during these inclement days, rather than satisfy the desires of a capricious spirit.

Unsanctioned by the decrees of prudence, and *proper* politeness, many of you frequently lounge about our streets, and degrade yourselves in the scrutinizing eyes of men of sense; because only by foppery, affectation, and ignorance, is such conduct vindicated and commended. You hurry yourselves to the disgraceful province of *old maidism*, and are excluded from an opportunity of attaining that happiness which the matrimonial state displays to your eager view.

As you value the esteem of friends and relations, proceed not from your doors oftener than there is absolute occasion. Consider, take time to reflect upon what you are doing. You acquire the vicious admiration of foolery, but you lose the exalted respect of decency and discernment.

Enumerate the hours a common day contains, and thence draw a reasonable conclusion: surely it is unnecessary to consume a greater part of the day in surveying objects which a street furnishes. Reason says that one hour in a day is sufficient to adjust the diversified appendages of a lady's person, and that one more will suffice to be thrown away in superficial occupations; conscience seconds reason, and declares that the remainder should be devoted to the improvement of the mind, and other appreciable attainments.

JAQUES.

For the Repository.

THE MELANGE.

A curious trial was concluded some years ago, in the Court of King's-Bench, between a running dustman & a thieving dustman, for the recovery

of a basket of dust artfully purloined from the former by the latter. The counsel for the plaintiff indulged his pleasantry on the occasion for a considerable time, till on getting up to endeavour to mislead a dustman, who was evidence for the defendant, received the following genuine St. Giles retort:—*'Blast your eyes! hold your foolish jaw, don't you see as how I'm talking to the chief gemman there,'* pointing to the chief justice.

It would excite the astonishment, if not the feelings, of a Philadelphian, to see an advertisement in the newspapers expressing an intention to expose *human flesh* for public sale. The subsequent article is extracted from a southern paper, and furnishes a very serious text, for a commentary to which the readers' sensations will correspond

*Windward, Gold-Coast and Bonny
NEGROES.*

The sale of the ship Washington's cargo, consisting of 530 prime negroes from the Windward, Gold-Coast, and Bonny, will commence on board said ship, at Vanderhoost's wharf, on Monday the 2nd December, and will be continued every day, Sundays excepted, until the whole are sold.

Gibson & Broadfoot.

On the evening after the intelligence of Lord Nelson's victory and death was received in London, the following lines were spoken by Mrs Wroughton on the Drury Lane Theatre.

Is there a man, who this great triumph hears,
And with his transports doth not mingle tears?
For tho' Britannia's flag victorious flies,
Who can refrain from grief when Nelson dies?
Stretch'd on his deck amid surrounding fires,
More Phoenix-like the gallant chief expires;
Covered with trophies, let his ashes rest,
His memory lives in every British breast,
His dirge our groans, his monument our praise;
And whilst each tongue this grateful tribute
pays,
His soul ascends to heaven in glory's brightest
blaze.

What is the reason, said one Irishman to another, that you and your wife are always disagreeing? Because, replied Pat, we are *both of one mind*—she wants to be master, and so do I.

Lawyers and chambermaids are like Balaam's ass, they never speak, unless they see an angel.

The tongue of a viper is less hurtful than that of a slanderer; and the gilded scales of a rattlesnake less dreadful than the purse of the oppressor.

—
TO-MORROW.

See where the falling day
In silence steals away,
Behind the western hills withdrawn;
Her fires are quench'd, her beauty fled,
With blushes all her face o'erspread,
As conscious she had ill fulfill'd
The promise of the dawn.

Another morning soon shall rise,
Another day salute our eyes,
As smiling and as fair as she.
And make as many promises;
But do not thou
The tale believe,
They're sisters all,
And all deceive.

At ordinations in Scotland it is customary for all the ministers present to put their hands upon the new brother's head. It sometimes happens that a blockhead gets into the ministry there as well as in other places. On an occasion of this nature, when the candidate was not overgifted with talents, and the presbyters were very numerous, one of the oldest could not get within reach of his hand, and, by way of substitute, stretched forth his staff upon the scone of the junior. Being reproved for this by some of his brethren, he replied, *in troth timber suits timber very weel.*

—
WOMAN.

When Nature own'd the Almighty's hand,
When planets roll'd at his command,
And senseless clay in man was warm'd,
The last great work, then unperform'd,
Was Woman.

For this the dormant Adam's side,
Unconsciously a rib supplied;
Awoke—his bosom rapture swell'd,
For lo! within his arms he held
A woman.

To soothe his woes, his cares to share,
And thus his pristine loss repair,
'Twas surely Heaven's kind design,
That man unto his side should join
A woman.

A woman's tear, a woman's sigh,
The magic of a woman's eye,
Her mild and gentle accents prove,
The joys allied to wedded love
And woman.

To weave the silken cobweb snare,
With syren song allure the ear,

With charms resistless rule the heart,
Of happy lover, is the art

Of woman.

When vex'd with busy toils of day,
To ease, the tired man gives way;
With converse sweet the hour beguiles,
Repels dull care with placid smiles
Of woman.

What tempts to plough the stormy main,
Or roam to distant climes for gain?
What prompts the willing hand to toil,
But beauty's weakness, beauty's smile—
But woman.

When journeying on with weary pace,
To meet again the fond embrace,
What cheers the way-worn traveller's gloom,
But thoughts of long regretted home,
And woman.

When pensive grief bends o'er the grave,
To weep the friend it could not save,
And silent sheds on Friendship's bier
The tribute of a falling tear,
'Tis woman's.

And when affliction's mournful tale,
Or sorrow's notes her ear assail,
Oh! then escapes the rising sigh,
A glistening tear bedews the eye
Of Woman.

—
A woman quarrelling with her husband, told him, she believed, if she was to die, he would marry the devil's eldest daughter. 'How can that be,' said the husband, you know the law does not allow a man to marry two sisters.

—
Extract from an advertisement in a provincial paper—Wanted immediately, a journeyman in the *Grocery* business, to make *candles*.'

—
A lawyer, as remarkable for pleasantry as a good appetite, on hearing it remarked what a quantity of ham he had eaten at breakfast, observed, that he had been only taking *extracts* from *Bacon's abridgement*.

—
In some churches it was the custom to separate the men from the women. A clergyman being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short—when a woman, eager for the honour of her sex, rose and said—'Your reverence, it is not among us.' So much the better, answered the priest, it will be over the sooner.

—
A country girl lately riding past a turnpike gate, without paying *tribute*, the tollman hailed her, and demanded

his fee. She asked him by what authority he desired toll of her?—he answered, the sign would convince her that the law allowed six cents for man and horse—'Well, replied the girl, this is a *Woman* and *Mare*, therefore you have nothing to expect!' and ode off, leaving him to the laughter of the by-standers.

SONNET.

Translated from LORENZO de' MEDICI, by
Miss S. WATTS.

Full oft my mind recalls, with tender care,
And memory ever shall preserve the trace,
The vest that wrapt her form, the time, the place,
When first I gaz'd, enraptured, on my fair:
How then she look'd, thou, Love! art well aware,
For by her side thou kept'st with faithful pace;
Her beauty, virtue, gentleness, and grace,
No fancy can depict, no tongue declare:
O'er her white robe her shining tresses fell;
So sun-beams sporting on the Alpine heights,
Spread o'er the snow in many a golden ray;
But ah! the time, the place I spare to tell;
'Tis Paradise where'er her foot alights,
And when her beauties shine abroad, 'tis DAY.

For the Repository.

THE DRAMA.

February 3.

To be profuse in our encomiums, when the object of them possesses comprehensive merits, is so far from being a cause of reproach, that it is reason for reciprocal pens of eulogy. Mr Fennel, this evening, favoured us with a correct representation of the arduous character of *Othello, Moor of Venice*. We believe ourselves enabled to eulogize in a very enlarged manner; but, as it regards Mr Fennel, it is not necessary—a few words will comprise the substance of the most elaborate criticism. In a clear, strong, and capacious style was *Othello* executed this evening, to the admiration of a discerning and numerous audience; who were not so illiberal as to search for minute faults, while the manifest excellencies which pervaded the personation of *Othello*, so ably superceded them.

Mrs Wignall has ever appeared as a star of the first magnitude in *Desdemona*, and she still retains her splendour. How great was the satisfaction which she gave, was evidenced by the cheerful smile which suffused every cheek on her entrance.

If we have praised Mr Wood's former personations of *Iago*, how much more willingly should we express our pleasure at his exertion of that character this evening. We coincide with the *uncritical* part of the audience, & think that his *Iago* has nearly, if not quite, attained perfection. His voice is much more pleasing than it was last winter, though it was then far from being dissonant or censurable.

We must yet say, that the determined object of Mr M'Kenzie is to exert himself to our approbation. Cassio acquitted himself with more facility of speech and action, than we have seen the character graced with for a considerable time. The drunken scene was particularly well depicted by Mr M'Kenzie, and his corporal system was *entirely* affected by the infusions of the infernal spirit.

Either Mr Jefferson misconceived *Roderejo*, or else we cannot understand the character; because we do not think that the author intended it for a civilized fool, or a country boor.

Mr Robbins will do well to speak in an *audible* voice, and continue it throughout his characters.—Mrs Melmoth performed *Amelia* very well.

The entertainment is not of a nature to receive our entire approbation. The character of the Parish Clerk is an attempt to deride the divine profession. Mr Harwood's song was the most

appropriate thing in it; he received the plaudits due to his merits. We wish the practice of females wearing *breeches* on the stage were discontinued. It might grace an Indian festival, and would be considered as an additional ornament to their indecency; but amongst an enlightened people it is abominable.

February 5.

Otway's celebrated tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, was performed this evening. Mr Fennel, as *Pierre*, was successful in pleasing. His original conception of the character; his spirited style of acting, and his appropriate gestures, was every way commendable. It seldom occurs that the performance of two individuals, in the same character, assimilates—Mr Fennel and Mr Cooper, in *Piere*, widely differ in many parts as to accent and delivery, and each have their acquired excellencies: Mr F. is the more particular of the two in the expression of short sentences with emphasis, such as

Here stood a ruffian with an horrid face—
or,

Priuli's cruel hand has seal'd it——
The question to the conspirators,

Was it you.....or you.....or you?
was too rapidly delivered—he had formed his suspicions, and, therefore, should have paused at *Renault*, and ironically asked, 'or was it you?'

Mr Wood conceived the character of *Jaffier* well, but, in many parts, was remiss in the performance of it. In the senate, he entered with *head erect*, whilst *Piere* addressed him

Why droops the man
Whose welfare's as much mine?

We cannot speak too favourably of Mrs Wignel's *Belvidera*; it transcends

all praise, and we cannot avoid observing with astonishment her grand and comprehensive conception of the character.

The entertainment, the *Deaf Lover* is tolerable. HARWOOD, the principal character, acquitted himself to the general satisfaction of the audience. P

For the Repository.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Proposals have been issued by Mr Samuel Kelley, of this city, for publishing, by subscription,

MILTON'S

PARADISE LOST;

With the Life of the Author,

IN MINIATURE.

To be printed in two Volumes, in the same style, and to correspond with the miniature edition of *Thomson's Seasons*, lately published, and will be delivered to subscribers handsomely bound in sheep and lettered, at one dollar and fifty cents; and bound in Calf, or Morrocco, at two dollars.—

Subscriptions received by the Publisher, No. 76, North Fourth-street, and at the office of this paper.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Mr G. Potts, Mr John Calhoun, merchant, of Chambersburg, Franklin Cy. to Mrs Mary M'Kenzie of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the rev. Dr. Stoughton, Mr Miles Philips to Miss Eleanor Thomas, both of Chester County, Pa.

To Readers and Correspondents.

'Timothy Touch'im,' if possible, shall be inserted in our next.

The 'Censor' shall hear from us next week, in the mean time we pray him to accept our thanks for the amusement afforded us in his last number.

We cannot comply with 'O's request. He may know our reason by calling at the office. 'Moses' must have patience for a week or two.

Albert will oblige us with further communications.



SONG.

By ROBERT BURNS.

Air—' Mill mill O.'

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,

And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning.
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my health,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy:

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported:
I pass'd the mill and tristing thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' altered voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon cawthorn's blossom,
O! bappy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom:
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang,
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:

Our hamely cot and humble fare;

Ye freely shall partake it.

That gallant badge, that dear cockade

Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—

Syne pale like ony lily;

She sank within my arms and cried,

Art thou my ain dear Willie?

By him who made yon sun and sky—

By whom true love's regarded,

I am the man; and thus may still

True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,

And find thee still true-hearted;

Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,

And mair we'se ne'er be parted.

Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,

A mailin plenish'd fairly;

And come my faithful sodger lad,

Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,

The farmer ploughs the manor;

But glory is the sodger's prize,

The sodger's wealth is honour;

The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,

Nor count him as a stranger,

Remember he's his country's stay

In day and hour of danger.

EPIGRAM

To a pretended Friend and real Enemy.

With outstretch'd arms, and face affecting joy,

Why dost thou greet the man thou wouldst destroy?

Step forth; declare thyself; 'tis all I ask,

Nor shoot thy arrows from behind a mask.

Danger may be avoided when reveal'd;

Destruction follows when conceal'd.

THE BEAUTIFUL MANIAC.

BY

THOMAS G. FESSENDEN, ESQ.

Author of 'TERRIBLE TRACTORATION,' &c.

Now night's solemn noon spreads her
mantle around,
And the menacing thunders roll so-
lemn in air,
Amanda's sad accents the woodlands
resound,
Dark mountains re-echo these plaints
of despair!

"See now the gloom deepens, the rude
tempest roars,
And loud the rough north wind howls
thro' the expanse,
Old Ocean, hoarse murmuring, lashes
the shores,
And phantoms of night o'er the wild
desert dance!

The prominent clif, that impends o'er
the flood,
Responds to the ominous screams of
the owl,
Grim wolves rave infuriate thro' the
dark wood,
Their orgies, nocturnal, discordantly
howl!

Here, pensively straying, I'll climb the
tall steep,
While night's leaden sceptre bids na-
ture repose,
From the brow of the precipice plunge
in the deep,
And thus put an end to my number-
less woes.

In the gay morn of life sure none was
more bless'd,
To the blithe song of pleasure I danc'd
o'er the green,
Of innocence, beauty and fortune pos-
sess'd,
While sportive festivity hail'd me her
Queen.

To solace my parents, my pleasing
employ,
Their life's rugged passage with flow-
rets to strew,
Amanda their hope and Amanda their
joy,
Her happiness all that they wish'd for
below.

Thus fifteen fair summers roll'd swift-
ly away,
Ere man, base deceiver, to ruin me
strove,
Ere Cleon, false-hearted, but witty and
gay,
First melted my heart to the raptures
of love.

Spring, sweetly luxuriant, deck'd the
gay lawn,
The dew-drop, nectarious, bespangled
the grove,
When Cleon first met me, one beauti-
ful morn,
With trembling solicitude whispered
of love!

His person was graceful, his manners
refin'd,
A pupil of Chesterfield, easy and free,
But night's darkest gloom, not so dark
as his mind,
Not half so deceitful yon treacherous
sea.

With eyes beaming rapture he swore
to be true,
'Can cruelty dwell with a cherub so
fair,
Will you make me unhappy who live
but for you,
Ah, why will you drive a fond youth
to despair!'

With fatal success were his stratagems
plied,
To ruin a blooming and innocent maid,
Full often he promis'd to make me
his bride,
But basely deserted the nymph he be-
tray'd.

The news to my parents convey'd sad
surprise,
Oppress'd with keen anguish, they tore
their grey hair,
Till pitying death clos'd their sorrow-
ing eyes,
But left me a prey to the pangs of
despair!

Impell'd by rude frenzy, I wandered
from home,
That home, once delightful, where
once I was blest,
Now indigent, hopeless, distracted I
roam,
Till death's cold embrace lull my sor-
rows to rest.

But hah! the wild horrors of madness
return,
To rive every nerve in my tremulous
frame,
Forbear my pain'd head any longer to
burn,
Cease, anguishing heart, to enkindle
the flame!

Roar louder, ye winds spread destruc-
tion around,
Let thunders, loud bellowing, shake
the firm pole,
Let earthquakes impel, e'er the shud-
dering ground
To mimic the passions which torture
my soul!

Ah! Cleon, thou false, thou perfidious
swain,
My spectre shall haunt thee in night's
solemn gloom!"—
She spoke, and precipitant plung'd in
the main,
And a requiem sought in the cold
watry tomb.

THE ORPHAN.

O pray bestow your charity,
An orphan child entreats;
I am cold and hungry, very tir'd,
My only home the streets—
Pray bestow your charity.

Think on the pangs my heart must
feel,
Father and Mother dead;
Both gone to Heaven, and left me
here
To beg my daily bread.

My father went abroad to fight,
All danger he defied;
Till, cover'd o'er with many a wound,
He sunk, and bravely died.

My Mother lov'd me very much,
And hugg'd me to her breast;
But now she's gone, no home have I,
My weary limbs to rest.

Then pray bestow your charity,
An orphan child entreats;
I'm cold and hungry, very tir'd,
My only home the streets—
Pray bestow your charity.

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